

HIGH TECH MICRO PERFORATION



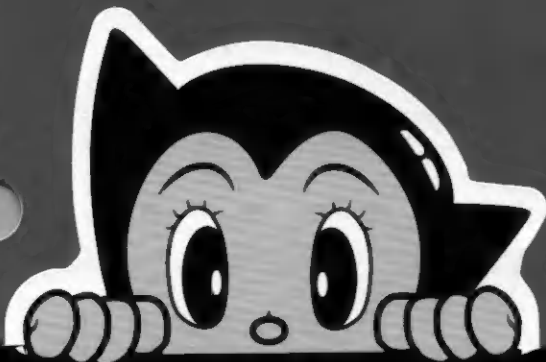
# FEARLESS

## 1 SUBJECT

## WIDE RULE

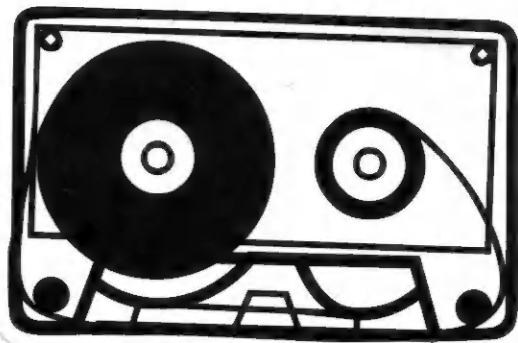


10.5 in x 8.5 in / 26.7 cm x 21.6 cm



Made in USA

Mon - 8/20/18 - Happy Birthday, Kev!!



3 french fries  
16" cheese

## CONTRIBUTORS:

J.D. NELSON

JAY PASSER

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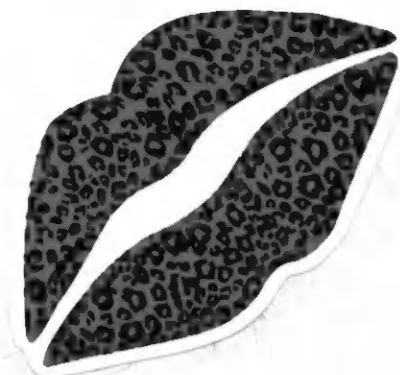
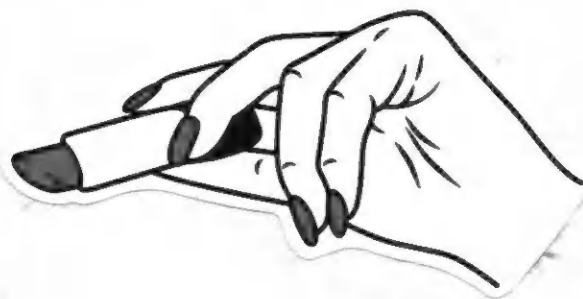
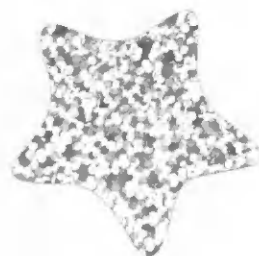
12" cheese

12" Vegan

kalamato olives  
cherry peppers



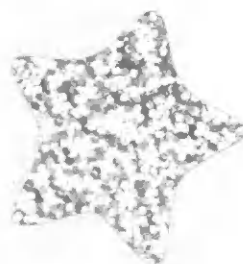
**SPACE**



**CITY**



**SPIN**



## MY BUDDY THE CROW

is cawing outside  
he doesn't care about the election  
or the virus  
he just wants his ration of rice

his voice is screechy and plaintive  
but I've grown to admire him  
my buddy the crow  
without convictions or heartbreaks or  
depressions  
without smart phones or email or emojis  
I'd like to say we see eye to eye  
his jet black piercing  
my foggy brown muddying

I get out of bed  
measure out some basmati  
3/4 cup for me  
1/4 cup for my buddy  
and notice on the windowsill  
a shiny trinket

it's an old dog tag  
it looks like my buddy the crow  
has left me another gift

he doesn't make demands or cheat or  
judge  
he's not the type to whine or quibble or lie  
he may even be a she

good buddy  
I'll get the water boiling before lowering it

to a simmer and covering with a tight  
fitting lid

just like I was taught  
in crow school

jay passer

## A STOMACH DRAGGED CONVULSING THROUGH BRIMSTONE

while I'm pouring milk  
over frosted flakes, wait;  
not milk, not frosted flakes

because  
I don't drink milk and  
gave up processed sugar products.

still, I like to think about  
what it's like to be  
buried alive.

then again I like my eggs  
to hatch  
*before* I make an omelet.

excuse me, but pancakes remind me  
of saggy teats;  
you can't tap a maple tree to solve that.

I got a bag of dates from the halal bodega,  
a glass of hot Darjeeling,  
and eternity;

Social Security'll  
never  
pay for that.

jay passer

Jay Passer

## FAMILY AFFAIR

I lost my hat in the melee,  
just like watching the news

each and every morning.  
it was a pretty raucous fight.

moonlighting as a bartender,  
I separated the instigators,

except these guys were pointing  
nuclear weapons at each other.

fuck this, I thought and got  
away from there, and quick.

I can watch a Bond movie anytime,  
since my sister subscribes to Netflix.

Jay Passer

### **Poem for Jerry Dorsey**

you never worked in the winter  
it was never hard to find you then  
the wind in your hair  
a mighty red afro in 1982

to me you were a giant  
i didn't notice  
that you shaking  
when sunflowers were planted  
in your boots

when the concrete ran dry  
you fed the rabbits.

**John Dorsey**



**December Sun, After Reading Richard Hugo**

so what if you can name  
a thousand different kinds of fish

i have touched the hands  
of just as many girls

all love is imaginary  
by this river

it's all shallow water

your heart running  
this way  
or that

you only get out  
what you put in.

**John Dorsey**

**In Some Ways It Will Always Be 1982**

a homemade birthday cake  
more pepsi than you could ever drink  
my brother letting out his first loud screams  
before taking a vow of silence  
only talking with guitar strings now

a star wars belt buckle  
around my waist

isaly's chipped ham  
instead of awful food

everyone still here.

**John Dorsey**

## Dungeons And Dumbasses

Everyone is into the occult it seems from friends on Facebook.  
To anyone who thinks it looks cool to wear ■ fashionable pentagram.

I've known a few witches in my day and slept around to maintain my male whore status.

Yet never once did I fear their wrath.  
Because in reality the secrets to the dark arts are not sold at Hot Topic.  
Or truly appreciated by those playing sorcerer to gain likes.

A crystal ball is cool, but I prefer to go bowling with my balls.  
Opposed to summon the demons from the abyss.

And why should I fear what's in someone's cauldron, when I am more in fear.  
Of what STD I may encounter in between the sheets.

Magic doesn't scare me, but Shelia with her hot temper and boxcutter sure as shit does.

Black magic curses are a total waste, on an alcoholic writer with a bum ticker and an honest opinion.

But feel free to send them along with some naughty pictures and tag me as your favorite villain.

Besides the devil tells me daily,  
I'm his favorite.

So nah nah.

Cheers.

john patrick robbins

## She Looks Better With Lights Off

I have seen some visions, that as the liquor wore off.

Appeared to resemble more a nightmare, or ■ slightly less lethal train wreck.

It's ■ shame when you lay down with ■ ten and wake up beside a negative zero.

The night hides many secrets like.

Vampires truly do exist and zombies actually walk amongst us.

Of course it's rather rude to mention the sex, but it was dead as this scene.

We kept the lights off and our true opinions to ourselves, which always suited me fine.

I always avoid mirrors as so should she.

Because that sight would make even blind men say goddamn!

I didn't call her a cab because animal control seemed a far easier route.

I moved while she was in lock up and changed my name just to be on the safe side.

Sometimes when I hear a howl upon the wind I shiver and lock my doors.

Remember, take caution when under the influence and horny at last call.

Cause it's not only ghosts that will haunt your ass.

Sometimes I could smack myself over chasing something.

To enjoy the simple pleasures of going bump in the night.

john patrick robbins

## Young Not Such An Einstein

My friend asked me my views on his newest relationship.

"Man, I know you have good instincts and just a way of knowing stuff.  
So I value your opinion."

My friend and occasional verbal punching bag said between drinks.

I was alone with no chances of a relationship in sight.

But I did know people and had common sense.  
That alone amongst our world of ego driven artists was something unique in of itself.

He was in the early stages of a relationship, she was claiming to be her twenties.

With three kids in tow, looking like she was in her mid thirties.

I finished my drink, slapped him on the back and told him.

"Kid, it doesn't take a genius to see a train wreck before it happens."

"You don't need my advice."

"You need an exorcist, to chase those short bus demons from your dumbass thoughts."

"Wow thanks asshole."

I heard him reply as I was headed out the door.

I didn't need to waste my breath, for no matter my rational thinking.

Man's need for pussy, truly defied all logic.

Salute.

john patrick robbins

## Everyones Dying Go Get The Hell Out Of Here

From celebrities I thought had already passed.

To folks I know by name only.

The ships certainly sinking and the band much like myself, has simply chosen to play on through.

The drinks are sloshed, the tables overturned.

My nerves are shot with my liver.

And now I question all that screwed up shit I've done in my past.

The darkness ahead seems cold and empty.

My final destination seems a bit like Florida, only not as annoying and with far better music.

Least I know I won't be drinking alone.

You will find me at a corner booth with Rasputin, Crowley and Anton LaVey, maybe even Britney Spears.

We will ditch leaving Mussolini with the tab Beethoven was supposed to be working the door.

But he never heard us slip away.

Cheers.

john patrick robbins

### In the Gutters

Insomnia finds me  
in the gutters, in  
pools where clouds  
drop an eye or two  
full of tears. Broken,  
trampled, I have not  
seen anything through  
this mist I have not  
seen before. I walk  
in exile with a brick  
in one hand and a  
stick in the other.  
My shoes are worn  
and steeped in mud.  
I find ■ stray cat to keep  
me company. Broken  
windows and walls at  
my feet, I search for  
coins. A tear drop from  
clouds or myself is  
all I find in the dust.  
A broken bottle finds  
the sole of my shoe. It  
might as well be ■ razor-blade.

### And Now

And now I love you  
And yesterday you  
did not exist and  
tomorrow I may not  
exist; today I love you.  
Let's get started  
before it's too late.

**Luis Cuauhtemoc Berriozabal**

## Life's Labyrinth

I lose myself in life's labyrinth;  
take a dip in the pool of the abyss.  
I bathe at the deep end where the  
water is darker, where the angel of  
darkness stays away. I am ever  
watchful like a watchman. I saw the  
cow jump over the moon in the  
corner of the sky. I lose myself in  
the movies no one watches twice.  
I stroll the corridors where The  
Shining was filmed. I make an  
acquaintance with the ambassador  
of lost souls. I become a hotel guest  
in the photos on the wall in The  
Shining even though I was not cast  
in that film. I feel dumb as I grasp for  
meaning in life. I never understood  
why geometry was too hard to learn.  
My classmates seemed to have it  
easy. I find myself in different states  
of mind as I lose myself in each  
state. I stay away from triangles.  
They remind me of geometry exams.  
I isolate myself completely. I scan  
the room for pictures or photos. I go  
to work on national holidays. I lose  
myself in the white noise blaring  
from tv screens. I wear uniforms  
of my favorite teams, not the away  
uniforms. I keep my hair short even if  
it is cold. I wear number 5 for my  
favorite catcher. I keep my eyes  
open for books no one else will read.

luis cuauhtemoc berriozabal



## **There Are No Words**

I gently ran my fingers down your side  
And then right back up to your neck.

I know I'm not the first to ever play you  
And I highly doubt I'll ever be the last.

But this feeling that we make is beautiful.

**scott simmons**

## **Humility Is Great, For Other People**

Have you ever wondered what somebody else is thinking?  
Because if you have then obviously you're not a poet.

Unless it was about submission guidelines.  
But I can even that's pushing it.

Or at least that's what I can tell from the many emails I receive.

**scott simmons**

## **Mood Killer**

I smoked ■ cigarette and felt the cool night breeze.  
And as I stared up at the stars it reminded me of you.

Or least it did until a lizard jumped on my arm.  
As I jolted up I simply thought "What the hell just happened?"

Life always has ■ way of fucking up these moments.

**scott simmons**

**Well Shit...**

If you can write a powerpoint,  
Then congratulations, you're a professor!

And if you can show up to work everyday,  
You'll get pats on the back and maybe even a trophy!

Hot damn don't it feel great to live in an era,  
With such low standards?

*Scott Simmons*

**one of the ghost reds**

*summary hum*

the best ride to the center of the galaxy  
this is the great yes from yellow

sew the rice into the pant leg to pass for a walking hand  
neat meat was a repeat

that meant using the ufo again, but no one remembered how to fly it  
a creature in the socks alone with the harp

a little moisture from the atmosphere  
a middle language used mostly for commerce

half of all of everything  
this is the trick for the computer users

what is worth watching on the pudding network?  
that power in the trees

needing that handy to comb-smoke the patties  
I can't use that scream anymore, so why don't you take it?

j.d. nelson

the new earth with the baby moon

to walk with the wide, early eyes  
the sheridan ice in the alien dream suits me

eating ants and salamanders  
I swallowed a metal bee

the forest is the color of the window  
running thru the wall with the answer

sending a secret color to the world  
hearing it melt into the ocean

the red fish of the ladder milk  
in the garden of glass

crack the sky with a giant metal arm  
see the mirror land of the inside tongue

a layer of pig parmesan  
that makes it a seafoam sunday

what is the companion set doing on the table?  
the scandalous jax or jazz

blasted and faster  
cooking with the friendship gas

a world of fireflies  
the mixture and the meaning

j. d. nelson

earth devours itself nightly

groundhonk day

in the snow  
a bull

singing to earn glass beads  
think of the martians when they do the cobra shaft warp

noon power  
white nikes for the white hot sun

all-natural mix with crickets and six types of ants  
you need to suit up with the avengers

western ballet armor and a ghost with the original jousting equipment  
steak flowers for your love

the sunnery gnomus in ■ sphere  
I couldn't stay back for too long, as I was earthed

metter than rose ull soir, veriface phone effort  
the brain was on stilts

✓ d. nelson

## Escape of the Trained Monkey

The road stretches farther than my eyes can see  
or my mind imagine. Somewhere between where  
I stand, catching my breath, and where they tell  
me I should be by now is the right place or as  
close to a right place as there can ever be for  
someone with my tendency to turn away from  
those I love as well as strangers. I won't be  
taken out by friendly fire. Let me be undone  
by those who never knew me but see me now  
loping and looping with wild frenzy to escape.  
Let them take pity on me as they would on any  
rabid beast, freeing me from further expectations.

Barbara Moore



## **What Drama**

**what drama  
the seed bursting in the field  
what drama  
the flower blooming in the rain  
what drama  
the stars burning in the darkness  
what drama  
the blood curdling in the vein  
what drama  
the illusion of devastation  
what drama  
the swan waiting to sing its song  
what drama  
the opposite of revelation  
what drama  
the border between right and wrong**

**joe kidd**

## Quiet Seen

you see now  
life began as a response to an act of love  
a body survives through the will of the one who loves  
eternity exists, it contains itself  
Infinite love  
all things are visible  
through eyes that allow love to enter  
mind is not hollow  
mind is not here  
it is not self  
It is love  
■ seek the success of love  
the struggle to inhale  
and exhale the energy of creation  
the joy of companionship  
and cohabitation  
love without end



joe kidd

## Things

let us speak of things in idle moments  
let them crawl upon our skin exposed  
between the fingers and the holy palms  
the crucial wrinkle of thoughtful notion  
a great contagion, a rash decision  
spread across a population  
multiplied and so divided  
is there one, or many things  
to think, to dream, to sing thereof  
where does one end and one begin  
a space thus filled and later emptied  
changes not before its time  
and things occur and fall in season  
cremate to ashes, dissipate  
to be and once more be again  
in minds and eyes forever separate  
things that mingle in solvency  
relying not upon the philosopher's nod  
what age now gives and takes away  
to blend a potion, a taste of bliss  
what motion now the truth unfolds  
what ocean depth, what sentiment  
do such things exist to become an other  
to release a power, a roaming sun  
in a world of things appreciated  
is there yet but one in the after all  
brilliant invisible changeless form  
to be brought to task upon our exit  
from a world of things both one and many  
where no things survive yet neither fold

joe kidd

Brilliant lips apogee

Twixt towering spines brittle gestures

Untamable languages breed

How we puke mere embers of stars

Never full flame

Choirs vast breeze the air we breathe

Invisible flame of youth

Of virility

How sound the truths of our burgeoning

Softness

How we can never re animate the

Organisms burnt out shells

Fallen to be collected

By children whispering

Tales of star men

& un reachable planets

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merri~~tt~~ waldon

Rounding up the clowns  
Red white blue  
Orange yellow purple  
Or other wise  
Political cultural or  
Personal  
This subjective circus  
Jails us all  
Yet I attempt at being some  
Sort of cowboy  
Corralling the mad anti  
Revolutionary jesters  
Of the new world  
Coyote laughs at these  
Mere mortal charlatans  
Of media & power  
There are no concessions  
For pretenders like Moloch  
In the secret eternities  
Of the buffalo woman  
Or corn maiden  
There are no futures substantial  
For the imitations of divinity  
Nor for those who refuse  
The dharmic immortality  
Of projection

---  
merritt waldon

\_Showdown at the Om corral

Shut up the minds clapping cavities of all the future  
Twirling. Ravenous, dark matter grows from the  
sustenance of cursing. Strange how stars peep like  
tom into the center of being.  
Curious creatures. Comforted by  
control. This poem's a pistol against  
the temple of a shadow,  
with the hammer pulled  
back.

\*\*\*

*merritt waldon*

## Buried

I hear them from 50 feet away—  
“Dude, I was at a party once and took  
a giant bong hit and started coughing  
and totally sharted myself!”

They both laugh, and go on,  
swapping similar stories.  
They’ve known each other a year or so.  
Work together every day.  
I often hear this kind of stuff,  
as I roam the warehouse.  
Intimate confessions, right?  
Things you only tell a friend.

But no...that ain’t it.  
That’s not the real dirt.  
Not the stories we’re loathe to tell.  
Those lie in deeper graves.

Petty obsessions.  
Black holes of disappointment.  
Importunate ghosts, demons.  
Past loves, excised regions of the heart  
rotting in a potters field.

Perhaps even they  
have forgotten where they  
buried them...  
so carefully did they  
tamp the soil,  
scatter the leaves and twigs.

So thoroughly have they  
buried themselves  
under mountains of chatter,  
distraction, and surface.

Or maybe they do  
talk about those things,  
and I just haven’t heard them,  
because those conversations  
were whispered...  
and not shouted.

brian rihlmann

Dear Dr. Jung

Ok, Herr Doktor...  
in my fixation on  
and hatred of this man  
I'm aware—  
the shadow's at play  
perhaps even an archetype  
from the dim collective pulls a string  
to raise my hackles  
every time I see his face

is the smug, entitled, rich,  
pretty boy jock douchebag  
an archetype?

so what do I do?  
a clue, please,  
if you would....  
speak to me  
from beyond  
I know you can  
if anyone can

nothing?

well, the hell with it...  
I know better now, anyway  
I know better than to think  
the correct interpretation  
solves anything

what good does knowing  
ever do?

we tiptoe like ballerinas  
twisting in the nooses  
of our knowing

brian rihlmann



## Breathing Hell Back To Life

back then my life seemed like hell...  
every day a recurring nightmare  
of hangovers and misery  
no job, no hope  
my money running out  
my girlfriend off banging other guys  
while I sat at the bar  
shooting rotgut and commiserating  
with a bunch of other sad fucks

we'd talk and talk about life in hell  
we'd whip our hells out  
and lay them side-by-side  
as though comparing our cocks

I've since heard of charlatans  
who claim they've been to hell  
they died expecting a light  
but instead felt the flames  
but they were saved  
by the hand of god  
now they know the truth  
they wrote a book  
it's probably on the best-sellers list  
ask them  
they'll tell you

but poets—  
we're the worst  
we can't not talk about hell  
because we tote it around  
like ancient fire carriers  
with tiny embers  
hidden like jewels

we treasure them  
protect them  
shield them from the rain  
and when a crowd gathers  
we pile the kindling and—  
like gods—  
blow life back

into our little  
smoldering  
dying  
pieces of hell  
and then stand  
in the flames

brian rihlmann

Haunted Interior (Title inspired by a painting done by Merritt Waldon)

What lingers there among shards of half-forgotten memories?

Dreams like mist, haunt the hidden recesses where we are afraid to see too clearly.

Going in, can one truly be prepared?

Edges blurred as faces and feelings co-mingle only to melt like brightly colored candies that scatter  
when reached for, staining our hot hands.

kevin m. hibshman

## Smoking For Two

Missing you  
I'm smoking for two  
Standing outside  
It's colder than it's ever been  
I am spinning circles  
Lost in the fog of time again  
Sometimes it feels like it's all gone to hell  
I hope you're doing well, my friend  
These days are a trial  
I'm lonely for you and for everyone  
It's bleaker than it's ever been  
I'm smoking for two  
It's all I can do as I wait like a child on Christmas eve for  
something you will never send  
I attempt to breathe your sweet essence in with each  
exaggerated inhale

kevin m. hibshman

**[every time i see you]**

the sky  
snows  
around  
me  
warm shawls  
of all  
the unsaid  
i've wrapped  
inside--  
a globe  
shaken  
to silence  
everything  
waiting  
at your  
feet

## **NEARING THE END**

of your voice  
■ faint  
train  
whistles  
through late  
summer  
leaves  
  
an errant  
bird  
chimes  
wind

o

the moon

on

our

tongues

o

## REMNANTS

of your

fingertips

touching

mine

while you handed

me wild

stars

filling

my palms

with tiny flowers

silver

fish

sand

and shells

yet

as years

bulldoze

by

i am still

stuck

licking

my

wounds

alicia mathias

## bottoming out

it's nighttime  
dark, moonless  
nothing stirs or moves  
i am alone  
sitting on ■ bus bench  
as stars litter across  
a black page

there is nothing  
i am empty  
there are no voices  
no whispers left to hear  
ink fades from every page  
no words  
nothing

a pit w/out bottom  
i continue to fall  
i only hope to hit  
to land

to wake to a sun  
that refuses to set

# # #

## morning

you call to me -  
a bird in a tree  
chased by a cat.

you scream at me -  
violence on your breath,  
walls crafted from sordid pine  
tremble.

you turn to me -  
eyes thick with somber hate  
finely tuned melodies  
of the blackest heart.

jack henry

## bottled

your voice mechanical,  
eyes gray.  
vision blurs  
under damning  
rays of an early dawn.

mirror holds no reflection,  
cloven hooves trample mottled skin.  
tongues taste of gun metal.  
i yearn for a touch, outlawed  
in 16 states.

there is no peace in your wickedness,  
there is no flair in your truth.  
there is no breeze upon which to linger  
as skies blossom into life and stones  
rest easy at the bottom of the sea.

###

## wood

when i stay all night  
he spoons into me  
just as brilliant rays  
of morning bleed  
through tattered curtains.  
remnants of glorious  
incantations allow him  
access without resistance.

sometimes his return  
is expected, sometimes  
a surprise, but once started  
i always demand completion,  
to which he merrily  
complies.

###

jack henry



# shatter

this story begins as he eats my ass  
in a low-rent motel room just  
off the interstate.

he calls me pretty  
and, for ■ moment,  
i love him.

as i ride his cock, he reaches under  
my blouse, hoping for more imaginative  
than i have to offer.  
i do as well.

his shark black eyes  
roll into the back of his head  
as i swallow his cum.  
he dresses quickly,  
suddenly aware of my dead, flaccid cock  
poking out from dirty panties.

he sobers quickly  
and reaches for the door,  
thanks me as if i were  
a twenty-dollar trick,

shame washes over me,  
i begin to drown.  
i rip another line  
of methamphetamine  
and lay awake  
staring at patterns in a  
popcorn ceiling,  
smoking endless cigarettes,  
fearful of morning  
and the light it brings  
to ■ world in which  
i am not sure i belong.

###

jack henry

## **BOOK REVIEWS:**

John Patrick Robbins, *The Still Night Sessions*.

Confessional, Honest, Unfiltered...What more can you ask for?

This is ■ piercing, eye-opening glimpse into the mind and life of ■ gifted yet troubled man. There is no sensationalism, no whining or seeking of false sympathy, just hard, cold facts presented often times with ■ dash of black humor wrought in a prose-poem style the author has perfected.

It's refreshingly bold and delightfully detailed. I was completely absorbed in this book after reading the first entry. Each piece is a story that celebrates life even while castigating those who are incapable of living truthfully. Not much more I can say except this is a great and highly entertaining read I thoroughly enjoyed and highly recommend.

Frank Murphy, *If Walls Could Speak Mine Would Blush*.

Murphy is a boozy, bawdy balladeer. I find his candor and dark wit a nice change in this era of up tightness and striving for relevance. He doesn't need to strive to produce prose that is instantly engaging. It does require a sense of humor and I think we could all stand to lighten up a bit now and then.

There are subtle life lessons and ripe social commentary nestled within these tales of rebellion and debauchery that give the writing much more than ■ simply entertaining quality, though entertaining this book certainly is. I feel like the author pulls some of the punches we'd all like to and so there was a cathartic reaction within me as I read and re-read some of the passages. Treat yourself to an unabashed wild time and get your hot little hands on ■ copy.

## ADAMANT & EVELYN.

In the Beginning (there was absolutely fucking nothing - then some cockarsed Bullshit appeared and we stole that bullshit and became fucktards of the galaxy)... well, something like that.

Time and memory are captions in a bubble above a tree which did exist, but nothing else remains as the snake in the garden and the two naked people were bemused by the hand of a cloud booting them out because they wanted to know something else, something more. So it could be said we never really did want a paradise or a romance, with bounty. And that's a good thing. But that's something the bible never mentioned. But, that's not even half of the story.

So, on the flip side - the garden was turned into a desert as those two naked people created a fashionable house and fabricated their own small British garden with magnolias and cherry trees, all under the shade of an old mulberry tree. They had two sons - one of them killed the other one and that was unfortunate. So instead of seeing what was really going on, they pursued in developing a civilisation and called it their own and also named the time period in which humanity was in totality and existence... in a way, they shortened all timelines as it would give them a leading edge in promoting this story to be told in future empires. Then the Romans came and told Plato he was wrong too. However, Plato wasn't wrong, he just used his head and thought a great deal about what went wrong.

All the while, that snake, that beautiful full bodied delicious looking snake was laughing the whole time. As was the cloud, who made the deal to see how the humans would run when nothing would be given to them again.

See, I think it was a great misunderstanding - that many Millenia later, we in the Western Hemisphere are still try getting back to that garden and be all naked and shit, under every tree bar one. Like we could actually undo the apparent damage caused and ensure no thorns are attached to roses.

What a dream and wow, they really think it might work, if we like, undone everything and didn't listen to that snake. So, When the cities were born and a sewage system was manufactured under the ingenuity of an empire which recreated the world and was successful in killing off all hopeless thought about a single god that saves you, then there comes a prophet - no, there were two prophets.

One prophet spoke of enlightenment and believing in yourself instead of any external threat of the hand of Yahweh crushing you and the other spoke of absolute fear. You can decide which one was which.

Meanwhile, further north, another man who also sat under a tree thought about how fucked up everything was in his own empire — that empire was Hindu and those guys were around a lot longer than the nonsense going on further down south.

It Turns out the story was very similar - to the two naked people being tempted by a snake. But, the snake was not the bad guy in the story up north. No, that was the signal, the sign and image of perfection, what we were supposed to attain. Stealing that fruit was considered to be quite bloody selfish, but that was a message stick too, a measure of the spirit to remember, that we all came from the same ghost, up in the ether where there was poisonous gasses and explosions, divide and conquer. Planets merging into other planetary bodies causing a real mess of the place. This was us in our purest form.

We are those gasses throwing ourselves around. We are In constant flux always merging always warring and always creating, as what we call the universe - is constantly recreating itself, moving at incredible speeds unfathomable incomprehensible knowledge is stored in our little insignificant bio-degradable bodies, made from bacteria which was mixed in a soup on a really hot

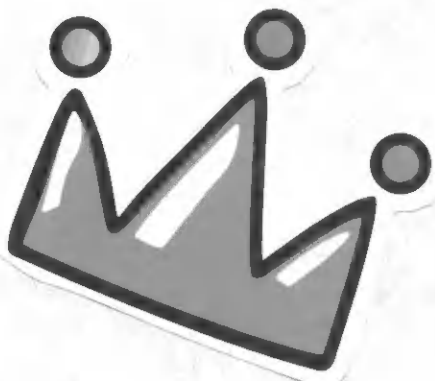
planetary body - we call: EARTH. So, were we two stupid naked people wandering a bounty in a garden made by a dumb area god, and does that even make sense at all, to claim we started from two people who didn't have a fucking clue what was going on. They were just curious and horny! So the real story is not really so exciting, as there is no mystery at all. What comes next? Wake the fuck up and look past the superstition and realise you are the gods and be more real.... as there is no time left to fuck arse around like the fucktards we've been programmed to be.

- J.C. HAWKES

## STARS AND TREES

A BORING ESCAPE,  
A LABORIOUS HOLE  
DESIGNED AND DIRECTED  
NOW IT'S TIME I SET IT ALL FREE  
AND AS I FIND MYSELF  
WITH MORE OF  
A FUCK YOU TONE  
THAN THE ONCE EVER  
PLEASING GESTURE  
OF 'FUCK ME SIDEWAYS  
AND LET'S GET MARRIED'  
I WAS IN THE BACK SEAT,  
STARING OUT THE BACK WINDOW,  
EYES COPULATING  
WITH THE STARS  
AND THE TREES  
WHICH DISAPPEARED  
AS I BEGAN TO FEEL  
THE ROTATION  
OF THE EARTH  
AND I BEGAN TO FEEL,  
I WAS NEVER WITH YOU.  
I WAS FIGHTING WITH ME,  
AND FINDING WHAT I CAN DO.  
YOU NEVER KILLED ME  
AND I NEVER KILLED  
YOU.





**You Lose**

